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# Master of the Moon

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## Chapter 1 by -

Like the scarlet curtains in a theater that open to entertain, so do the dark clouds part to reveal the moon's full glow. And just as the audience eagerly awaits the show, so do the other men-wolf anticipate the death of another human.

This is the way it was. The Master controls his Were-beasts like puppets on a string. Except unlike the playful and painless tugging of marionettes, we get the fur soaking blood wounds and scorching burns.

We are not just the wild animals that haunt legends, we are the beasts which choose your fate. The Master decides whether one is to live or die. We only carry out His commands for death.

And tonight a soul is wanted. At full moon I will turn from common boy, to Werewolf, and do my master's bidding...

## Chapter 2 by -



I stood out upon a rock, waiting for the clouds to part. There was a thick mist weaving throughout the forest.

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Slowly, as bats began to flap above me, and howls started echoing, the ashen glow of the moon fell upon me. My flesh changed, and I was no longer a boy. It was coarse and stiff.

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My body hunched over until I was on all fours, sniffing the ground and howling into the cool night air.

I swiftly sped through the forest air, the wind cutting through my spiked fur and stinging my eyes. I had only two hours to complete this mission.

As I came to the outskirts of the little country town, I smelled out the right house. The third one in a strip of homes. The lights were out. I crept up to the door and began whimpering and pawing at it. Soon, a lamp flickered on and talking could be heard within.

The door cracked open. I lunged into the abode and latched onto the man's neck as he struggled for breathe. When his body finally gasped in death and he lay lifeless, I released my fatal grip. My claws were soaked in thick warm blood. It had already begun coagulating as steam rose up from it.

My job here was done.

### Chapter 3 by ForbiddenMoonlight



So easy. So simple. The command of the Master obeyed, again. As it had been for years, for generations before me.

I look at the moon and howl. Howl to the other world, seeking my next assignment. I may still have time to do a second mission.

The Master stirs, bearing his whispers on the haunting winds that travel through the woods, through the bright lights and above child's dreams.

I end my howl as the assignment reaches me.

This very same village, but they will be cautious now that my howl has sounded so close. I paw the linoleum in frustration. Too many smells linger here.

I then I hear the scream.

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I growl as I realize my mistake. Wolf. I should have stayed in the forest as soon as I finished.

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I whirl around, tail whipping. The young girl stares at me, at her father.

"Doggy?"

Voice trembling, unsure.

Like me. Unsure. We are not supposed to ever kill an innocent, as they are not kills decreed by the Master. But that is not why I am unsure, no, I am unsure because I have never been faced with the family of my victim.

Why was this man, with this young girl, targeted? Why is he my mission?

No, it is not my job to question. Just to obey the alpha.

Growling again, I start to retreat.

"Doggy, why is Daddy on the floor?"

My growl slips into a whine. My human, screaming at me. Comfort her, anything!

No. My instincts are too strong.

I crash out of the house, panicking. The next target...

Lights flick on, and I sprint for the woods. The last house on the right...

I soar into the home, smashing the window. My paws get nicked, start to bleed, but I just shake my head and lunge forward.

The taste of blood, it coats my tongue. Like a drunken bee, I stumble back, breathing heavily.

A beautiful young girl lays there, eyes wide and mouth still parted in shock. A phone lays broken on the floor, where it fell out of her delicate hands.

I never truly looked at my victims before.

I turn and flee, and not just the physical, but the mind.

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Chapter 4 by Gls

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I ran into the woods and quickly transformed back, panting. Never had I been so affected by a kill. Seeing that girl had awoken something in me that I'd never felt before; but who was I supposed to tell about it, The Master?

Even if I didn't let my emotions get the best of me, he could still find out that I'd been seen. I'd never heard of that happening before. What could the consequences be? Whatever they were, there was nothing I could do now, and I would have to be content with getting back home.

### Chapter 5 by Ashley



Home. The very word burned like bile in the back of my throat as I ran, revulsion at my deed turning my blood filled stomach. I was not far from my home, and the darkness of the forest welcomed me like an old friend. I stopped, deep within its thickets, to think. An innocent? A young woman, her body limp on the linoleum floor. Blood, so much blood, spilled but not by Master's decree. She had not smelled like that of past kills. She was not tainted by the stench of greed, or lust, or wrath, or perversion. So why her? Why the ivory beauty who as the moon bathed her crimson blood in light had seemed to glow? Something about her was different. A scent. Now as panic faded I could focus. Her blood had soaked onto my flesh and I sniffed now, inhaling deeply. There. There! That scent, the one of forest, the one of moonlight, the one of punishment, the one of....and I knew. I knew then what I had killed. One of the rogue. Stories of the had circulated for years, undercurrent rumors the Master never would speak of. Wolves, like me, who find within themselves to leave. To sever the primal bond that forces our submission. They flee. Finding ways to live without the pack. I knew in that moment that I had a choice. Return the howls of breathern, and return to the pack, or flee back to village and hope she was not the only one. For in her I saw what my soul needed. A chance.

### Chapter 6 by Jhagadeswara rao Rajavarapu



I ran around in circles to help calm me down. Suddenly the blood on my paws were monsters. I ran, into the mud, into the water, but no matter what I did, I still remembered the girl, the blood, the guilt.

Why was the only word in my head. The questions and how.

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Why should it be me who kills?

Why do I feel this guilt?

These questions tore at me, devoured me. Just then men came with pitchforks. "You murderer!" they said, "You cruel animal." No, I wanted to scream. I am not a murderer, I am not cruel, but I knew I was lying to myself. I Knew then, killing was over for me.

I looked up, at the cold moon, and ran, ran with a new purpose in life. I will no longer be a killer, I will no longer be cruel. I was free.

## Chapter 7 by Avathon



Very soon after my flea I was deep into the forest, running away from my past and my Erinnyes. It was a night without clouds, the light of the full-moon was shining with all its glory upon me, boiling my blood, amplifying the blood-thirst of the wolf inside of me, sharpening my claws.

And then it happened. I had heard of that from the folklore of my village. The elders were talking about it with trepidation, I had never met a single wolf that had experienced it and even the Master of the Moon seemed to avoid any talks of that like it was his deadliest enemy!

The eclipse of the moon continue, over one third of it was covered by a numinous shade. Frightened growls of werewolves, wolves and even dogs were tearing the silence of the night apart. It felt strange, I wanted to admire this sign of my freedom but my body was reluctant to look up! My desire of blood was diminishing and I slowly felt my skin getting softer, my claws hiding under my nails.

All this transformation though, was roughly interrupted by a sharp burning upon my shoulder and a strong kick on my ribs. I was kicked across the other side of the opening and landed on a pine's tree trunk. As I stood up in my feet, an overwhelming desire of blood took me over, it was stronger than the eclipse's effect, it was powered by the basic instinct of survival and revenge. Driven by that feeling I threw myself upon my attacker with a huge jump, only to be slapped violently and thrown away again even before I got him in the reach of my claws. My head was aching, my body was shattered and I could feel some broken bones under my bleeding skin.

Then I took a more careful look of my enemy.

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hump, pumped veins and sharp claws, infinite number of scratches upon his chest, beautiful face of a young boy with a cold smile that was hiding two pairs of fatal canines. An ancient figure, in its simplest nature standing in front of me. The one who many times commanded me through the air breeze, now stands as my final enemy through his werewolf form.

"Running away Franco? Leaving us? Wanted to survive on your own? Free? Come on then! Try to survive from ME!" the Master yelled and charged upon me!

It would probably be my last fight, but under the almost complete moon eclipse, I was ready to die free, taking with me the eternal captor of my kin!

**Chapter 8 by a bundle of tantrums (inactive)**



the end

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